travesties. Enormous trophies she could bathe in. The IABC, Upper Dadania College, the University of Southwesthole - even the Order of Dadania. So what? The Emperor was NUDE!

He remembered the bowl-and-pitcher set on the commode in the store on Thing Street, with a window full of useless, rusted toys. He'd rapped the rim with his finger.

$CAMH Rings True!

Bruce had chided him. Nobody did that anymore! It actually sounded rather flat. Leaving they'd spotted another, and another - just like it....

How About ILSA?!

Her latest $CAMH moneymaker was typically gross and disgusting. It ultimately promised to cure schizophrenia with a $500 donation. That was what the BIGGEST BREAKTHROUGH EVER was supposed to have done - LAST YEAR!

Well, to paraphrase CEO Trixie Sane, DON'T see me NEXT YEAR in and- with THE CURE.

Johnny wouldn't be waiting, since as everybody ought to have known, it was impossible to cure a verbal construct.

Her campaign was characteristically one-sided and opaque, like being solicited by Alapaloozah on behalf of yet another 5-year plan.

The moneygrubbing wing of $CAMH was such a totalitarian outfit, staffed entirely by brain-disease(d) party-members led by the sycophantic Moneygrubber-in-Chief, Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre.